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SHOCKED, HORRIFIED  
DISBELIEF BEFORE THIS  
MONSTROUS KILLER... THIS  
GIANT INSECT THAT SOUGHT  
OUT HUMAN PREY! AND A  
TERROR-RIDDEN POPULACE  
SHRANK BEFORE THE AWFUL  
MENACE OF THE---

"VAMPIRE  
SPIDER!"

HELP!  
HELP!

ARR-RRRR!





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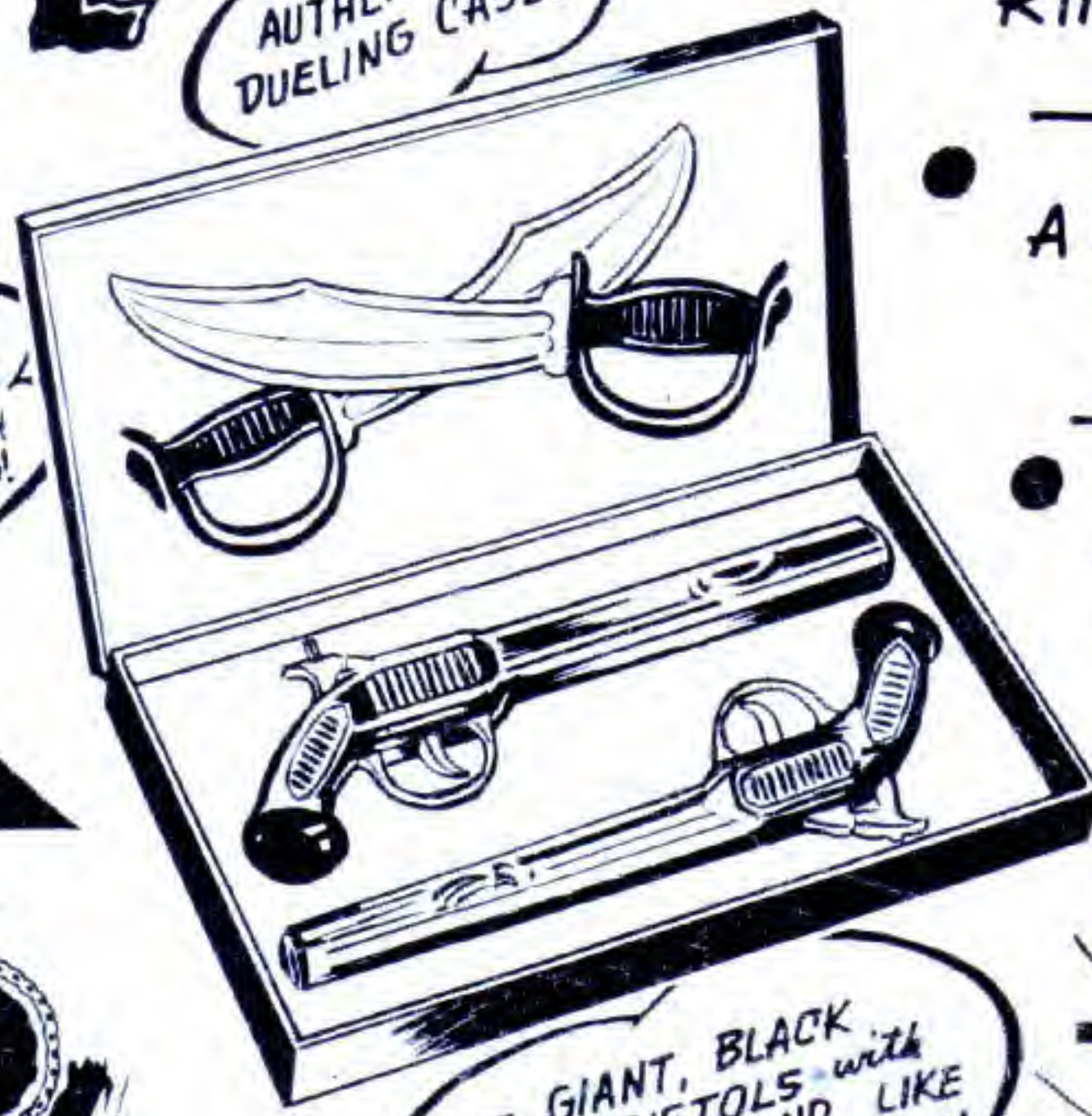
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BLUNT POINTS and  
BLACK HANDLES!

USE COUPON ABOVE

USE COUPON ABOVE



# VAMPIRE SPIDER

STAY BACK—  
BACK!



BOTH HISTORY AND SCIENCE ATTEST TO THE FRIGHTFUL FATES WHICH HUMAN BEINGS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE EXPERIENCED! THOSE OF YOU WITH THE COURAGE TO SCAN THIS TERRIFYING ACCOUNT OF KARL GRUTZ'S ORDEAL WILL AGREE WITH US THAT *HIS* WAS THE MOST FEARFUL YET KNOWN!

ONCE A RENOWNED AND RESPECTED SCIENTIST, KARL GRUTZ NOW CONDUCTED HIS STRANGE EXPERIMENTS FROM A LONELY NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE...



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, KARL--LEAVE THE POOR ANIMAL ALONE! YOUR DINNER'S GETTING COLD!

IN A MOMENT, MY DEAR--BUT I MUST INJECT THIS SERUM FIRST!

GIVE UP THESE CRUEL EXPERIMENTS! WHY TORTURE THE POOR BEASTS?

ANIMALS ARE MERELY BRUTES, MY DEAR--AND SCIENCE

MUST GO FORWARD! FOOLS HAVE CALLED MY WORK DANGEROUS--BUT WHEN I SUCCEED I'LL BE WORLD-FAMOUS!



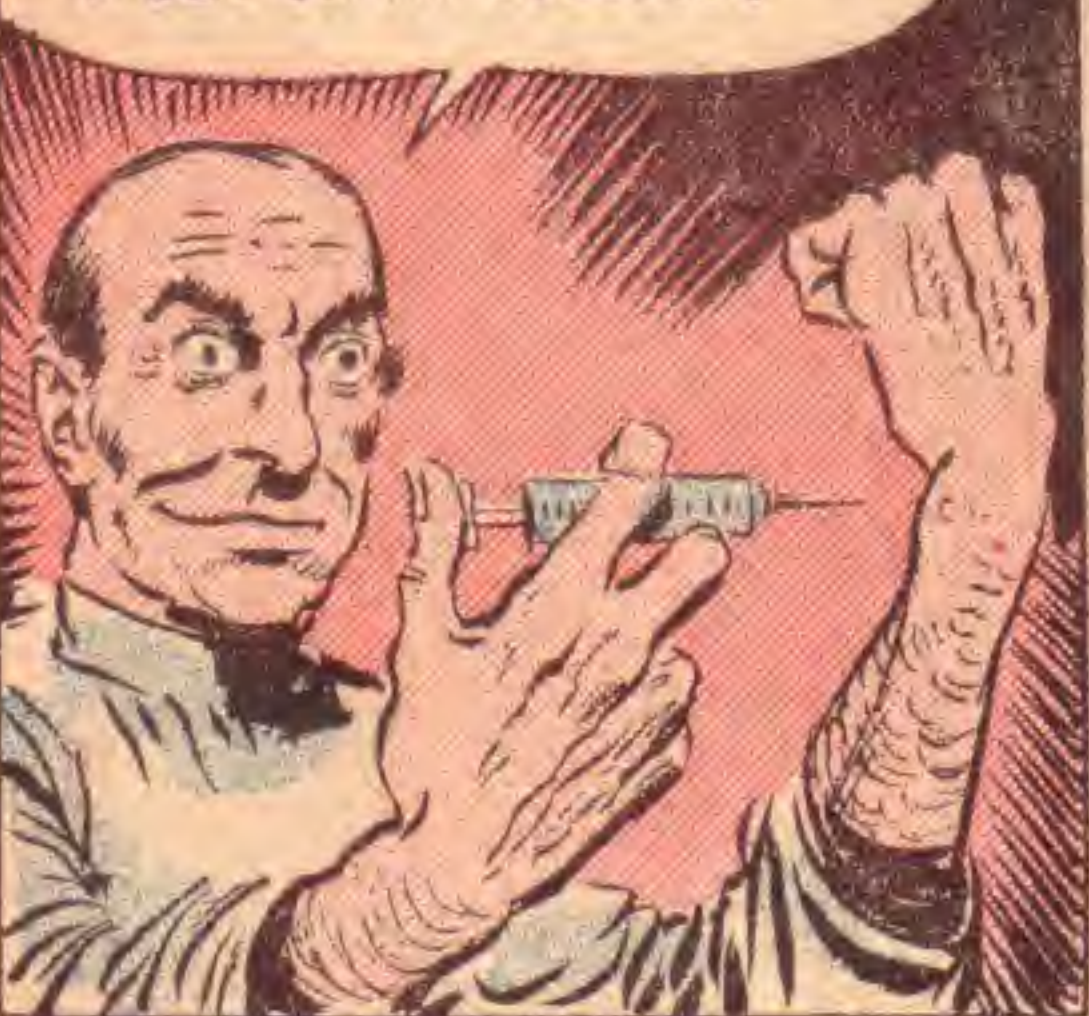
NEVER, KARL! NOT WHEN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION EXPELLED YOU FOR EXPERIMENTING ON LIVING PATIENTS WITH UNTESTED DRUGS--WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE!

WHAT IF A FEW DIED? THEIR LIVES WERE MEANINGLESS! I'M GOING BACK TO WORK NOW--DON'T DISTURB ME!





**FOOLS--ALL OF THEM!** WITHIN THIS NEEDLE LIES THE RESULTS OF YEARS OF WORK--A PURE INSECT SECRETION WHICH I'M SURE ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR ABILITY TO RECOVER FROM BODILY INJURY! JUST A BIT OF IT INTO MY OWN ARM--AND I'LL BE ABLE TO CHECK ON MY SUCCESS!



**AS THE SERUM TOOK INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT...** AAAGH! MY CALCULATIONS--MISTAKE--**MISTAKE--I'M BLACKING OUT!**



**HE KNEW NOT HOW LONG HE LAY UNCONSCIOUS! BUT WHEN HE SLOWLY REVIVED, EVERYTHING LOOKED DIFFERENT TO HIM--STRANGELY SO!**



KARL TRIED TO RISE TO HIS FEET--BUT COULDN'T! THEN, GLANCING AT AN ENORMOUS MIRROR AGAINST THE WALL...



**NO--NO! I'VE BECOME--A MONSTROUS SPIDER!**

THE FIRST AWFUL PAROXYSM OF HORROR PAST, KARL GRUTZ REALIZED THAT HIS GHASTLY TRANSFORMATION HAD STILL LEFT HIM WITH THE POWER OF THOUGHT -- AND **SPEECH!** HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO GET HELP!

**MARTHA! HELP ME! I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR!**

**KARL-- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR VOICE? IT'S LIKE AN ANIMAL! WAIT-- I'LL GET HELP TO SMASH THE DOOR IN!**



HE--HE MUST HAVE SUFFERED A STROKE INSIDE! QUICK--WE MUST HELP HIM!

ONE MORE HEAVE AND THE DOOR'LL GO, JIM!



**NEXT MOMENT...**

**RUN--RUN!**

**GREAT GUNS! IT--CAN'T BE!**







THAT THING--IT MUST HAVE KILLED KARL!

RUN--WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP!

THEY'RE TERRIFIED OF ME-- THEY WON'T STOP! AND I CAN'T CATCH THEM!



I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO RESTORE MYSELF--BUT I NEED TIME! AND YET HOW CAN I WORK--NOW THAT I HAVE THIS STRANGE BODY? I MUST GO BACK TO THE LABORATORY--THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!



TIME PASSED SLOWLY... AGONIZINGLY...

IT'S HOPELESS! THIS BODY IS USELESS TO ME! AND NOW A STRANGE HUNGER POSSESSES ME! WAIT--THE ANIMALS IN THE CAGES...

CLOSE IN SLOWLY, MEN-- AND SHOOT TO KILL!



I-I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE! THEY'LL KILL ME ON SIGHT! WAIT--THE CELLAR WINDOW! I CAN ESCAPE TO THE WOODS!



LOOK--ITS HEADED FOR THE WOODS! BUT I HIT IT!

WE'LL NEED MORE HELP TO SURROUND THOSE WOODS AND KILL IT!

BAM!

THE SPIDER HAD BEEN HIT SEVERAL TIMES! BUT AS NIGHT FELL--AND THE PURSUERS GAVE UP THE CHASE TILL MORNING...

I'VE GOT TO HIDE TILL MY WOUNDS HEAL! BUT WHERE? WAIT--AS A SPIDER, I CAN GO UNDERGROUND!



IN A NEARBY HILLSIDE, THE SPIDER FOUND A CREVICE WIDE ENOUGH FOR ITS ENORMOUS BODY--AND ENTERED! DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH IT SLITHERED--AS THE CREVICE SLOWLY WIDENED...



UNTIL...

I'VE COME UPON A HUGE UNDERGROUND CAVE! I'LL BE SAFE HERE--AND NOW I MUST THINK!



THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY IN THE DARK AND SILENT CHAMBER! KARL GRUTZ WAS BECOMING ACCUSTOMED TO HIS STRANGE BODY--AND NOW...

AMAZING HOW MY WOUNDS HAVE COMPLETELY HEALED! HOW MUCH I'VE LEARNED ABOUT ANIMALS! IF ONLY I COULD REVERT MYSELF-- BUT I DARE NOT RETURN TO THE HOUSE! THIS WEB CEASES TO SATISFY ME--AS DO RATS AND BATS! STRANGE-- I FEEL A FIERCE YEARNING FOR--  
**HUMAN PREY!**



KARL GRUTZ COULDN'T EXPLAIN IT--BUT THE URGE HAD TO BE SATISFIED! SO, RISKING ALL, HE SLITHERED ABOVE GROUND, AND STEALTHILY MADE HIS WAY TO A LONELY FARMHOUSE...

THAT OPEN WINDOW GIVES ME ENOUGH ROOM TO ENTER! IT SHOULD BE EASY!...



NO! HELP!



WHEN THE GRISLY WORK WAS DONE...



NEXT DAY IN A FARMHOUSE NOT FAR AWAY...

HOW SIMPLE IT IS! I AM ONLY FEET AWAY FROM HER--YET SHE KNOWS NOTHING! IN A MOMENT...



IN A MOMENT--SHE WAS DEAD!





SO BEGAN A SERIES OF GHASTLY MURDERS! ABLE TO HIDE IN CELLARS, BARNs AND ATTICS, NO ONE WAS SAFE FROM THE GRISLY MONSTER THAT HAD BECOME A VAMPIRE! AS THE TERRIFIED TOWNSFOLK GATHERED!

NONE OF US ARE SAFE FROM THAT KILLER! WE'VE GOT TO SET TRAPS, USE POISONS, HUNT IT NIGHT AND DAY--OR WE'LL ALL BE WIPEd OUT!

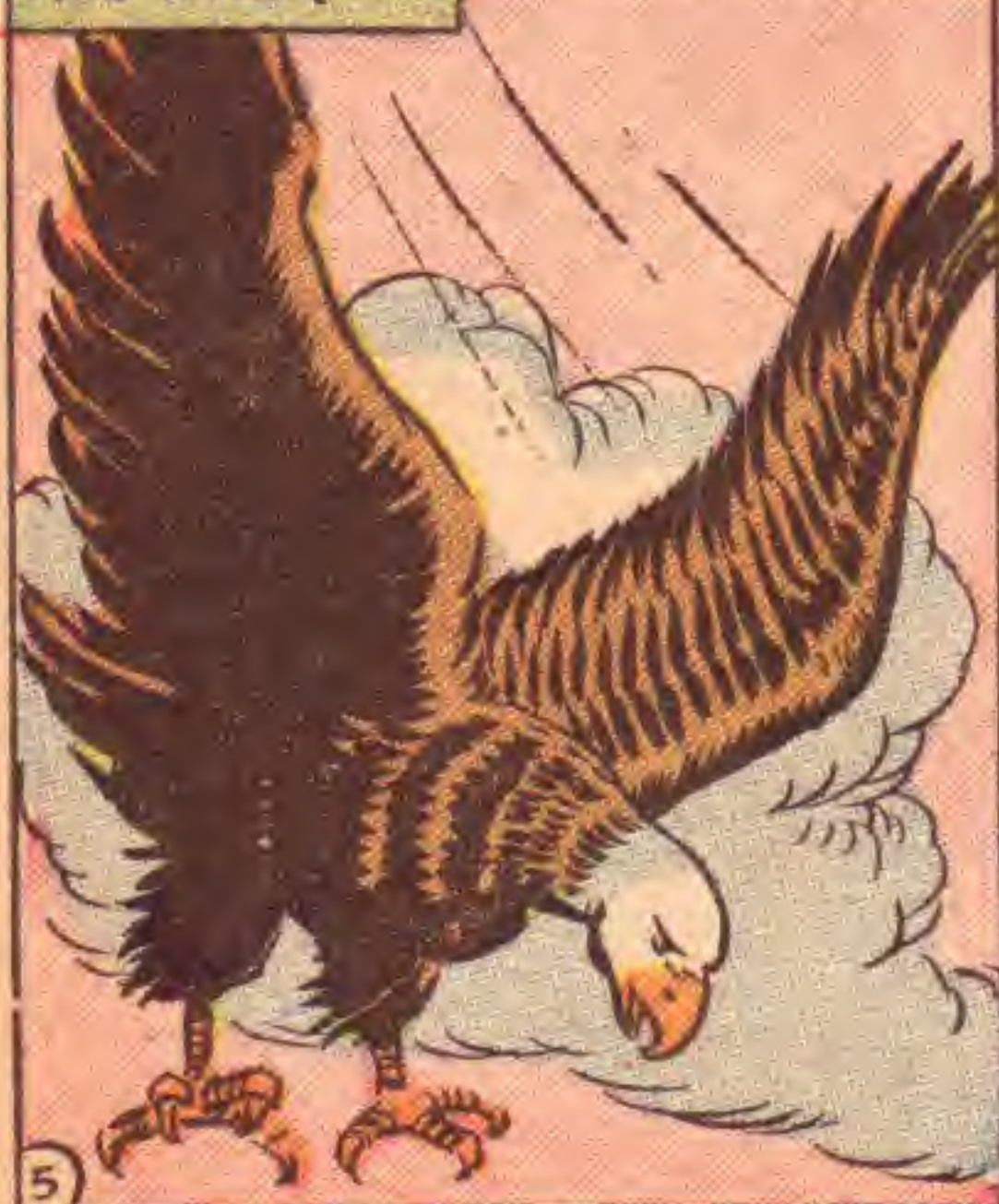


BUT WEREN'T THESE FACTS KNOWN TO KARL GRUTZ--SCIENTIST?

WINTER APPROACHES--I MUST GO TO A WARMER CLIMATE OR DIE! IT WILL BE A LONG HARD JOURNEY--BUT THERE WILL BE **SUSTENANCE** ALONG THE WAY!



THE FIERCE BIRD CIRCLED HIGH, AND THEN--**SWOOPED FOR THE KILL!**



ABOVE, LISTENING BUT UNSEEN...

THE FOOLS! DO THEY THINK THEY CAN GET ME WITH TRAPS AND POISONS? THEY'LL **PAY** FOR THEIR PRESUMPTION!



AND SO, THROUGH A SUMMER-LONG MASSACRE...

FOUR MORE DEATHS LAST NIGHT, CHIEF! PEOPLE ARE MOVING OUT OF THIS TOWN! **NOTHING** CAN STOP THAT THING!

DON'T BE TOO SURE! THE TOWNSFOLK MAKE A HOUSE TO HOUSE SEARCH WITH GUNS EVERY DAY--WHICH MEANS THE SPIDER'S GOT TO LIVE **OUT-DOORS!** WINTER IS COMING ON--AND THE FROST'LL KILL HIM FOR SURE!



THE DIFFICULT JOURNEY SOUTHWARD COMMENCED! HUNDREDS OF MILES LATER--

I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT **NATURE** IS MY MASTER! I MUST HURRY... I'M COLD--BUT I CANNOT REST



AT THAT MOMENT, FROM A TOWERING CRAG, DEADLY EYES WERE WATCHING A SMALL SPOT MOVING FAR BELOW...



BELOW AS THE SPIDER LOOKED SUDDENLY UPWARDS...

IT'S--AN **EAGLE!** COVER--I'VE GOT TO RUN FOR COVER!



BUT WHAT AVAIL THE SPEED OF A SPIDER'S SPINDLY LEGS--AGAINST THE MIGHTY WINGS OF AN **EAGLE?**



**YAAGHH!**

THE END

THUS KARL GRUTZ'S CAREER OF DEATH ENDED--FITTINGLY! FOR AS A SCIENTIST--HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT FOR EVERY KILLER IN NATURE, THERE IS ITS **NATURAL ENEMY!**



# PROOF POSITIVE

"WHEN IT COMES to such a ridiculous concept as the existence of spirits," said Mr. Otis W. Quimby self-importantly, "I demand proof positive!"

The students in Science III breathed a silent sigh. Not that there was anything wrong with a science teacher revealing the true scientific attitude, but did he have to be so smug and self-satisfied about it? Never did he allow for a doubt...nor did he for a second grant the possibility that there could be two sides to any question. And knowledge of this fact caused Tom Ferrell, his brightest student, to rebel. Tom strove to bring out the fact that there were many things that science could not explain...such things as extra-sensory perception, for instance. And when Mr. Quimby hooted him down, Al Goring, the second brightest student, brought up the matter of the old Fisher mansion.

The old heap had been deserted for years...partly because it was virtually uninhabitable, and partly because anyone who was foolhardy enough to attempt residence there always left hurriedly...fled town, as a matter of fact, without even pausing long enough for an explanation. Small wonder the place was called haunted, and shunned. But...Mr. Quimby didn't believe a word of it! He was so superior about it all that a few hardy members of the class, antagonized by his attitude and not knowing what else to say, ventured the feeble claim that their teacher lacked the courage of his convictions, and would not dare to spend a night in the Fisher mansion. And the rest of the students hastened to climb on the bandwagon, taking the same stand. Whereupon Mr. Quimby's face assumed a cat-ate-canary expression. "I'll take that challenge," he said. "And if after spending a night there, I offer *proof positive* that no supernatural agency can be found on the premises, then I shall expect each of you to pay for his impertinence by submitting a special term paper on a subject I shall assign!"

This spelled trouble for the students of Science III. Putting their heads together, they decided that there *would* be ghostly manifestations in the old Fisher mansion, even if they had to supply them! So it was

that on the night that Mr. Quimby took up his vigil in the tumbledown place, things started happening fast. A ghostly tap-tap-tap on the window...an eerie moaning from the fireplace...and then the giveaway, a stifled giggle from outside. Smiling grimly, the teacher proceeded to trace the disturbances. The tapping on the window? A simple tic-tac-toe...a spring arrangement which produced a rapping noise. The moaning from the fireplace turned out to emerge from a record player. Mr. Quimby already knew what the giggle was, and dispensed with it at once by firing a blank cartridge into the air...whereupon running footsteps told him he would have no more disturbance from *that* source. It was almost midnight now. Mr. Quimby placed the tic-tac-toe and record player in a corner, then seated himself at a rickety table, where, by the light of a flickering candle, he commenced to write. "In the further corner," his pen inscribed, "will be found the results of my experiment into the so-called *supernatural*. And there you will see *proof positive* as to what manner of ghost inhabits this old house. I..." At this point, Mr. Quimby paused in his writing. Mingled with the distant tolling of midnight was a new noise...an odd panting. It seemed to come from behind him...to grow nearer...nearer. It was feverish now...almost triumphant. "Those boys again!" thought the teacher. "I'll show 'em!" He wheeled suddenly...then recoiled, a scream tearing at his throat. *What was it, that thing out of blackness, its spectral claws clutching...clutching?*

The paper on which he had written was there to see next morning...there for the sheriff and coroner. "In the further corner," read the sheriff, "...proof positive as to what manner of ghost..." Like a magnet, the further corner drew his eyes. He couldn't see the tic-tac-toe or record player. They were hidden by the dead body of Mr. Quimby, bones shattered by some awful force not of this earth. And Mr. Quimby's eyes were open, open...staring horribly into space. And mingled with the horror was something else. Could it have been...*proof positive?*



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IT WAS ALL THERE, A FABULOUS FORTUNE IN GOLD AND GEMS! AND IT WAS HIS... ALL HIS, BECAUSE HE HAD LEARNED THE INNER SECRET OF...

# The LABYRINTH of DABOOR



ON A REMOTE STRIP OF JUNGLE IN NORTHERN INDIA...

WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME, MOORE! WE'VE SPENT THREE DAYS IN THOSE UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS AND WE'VE NOTHING TO SHOW-- NOT A BLASTED THING!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? DID YOU THINK THE **TREASURE** WOULD DROP IN YOUR LAP?



IT'S **HERE**, I TELL YOU! SOMEWHERE BENEATH THESE RUINS IS THE FABULOUS **TREASURE OF DABOOR!** I **KNOW** IT!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THE WHOLE NOTION'S CRAZY-- AND **YOU'RE** CRAZIER!





**A SHORT WHILE LATER...**

SAHIB LOOK SAD, BUT THE SECRET TREASURE OF DABOOR IS NOT EASILY FOUND! IT TAKE **LONG** TIME-- MAYBE NEVER!

IF I ONLY HAD A **LEAD!** SOME CLUE THAT I COULD WORK ON!



MAYBE I HELP! UP THERE IS CAVE OF **MATTU--** A WORKER OF GREAT MAGIC, AND VERY WISE! THEY SAY THERE IS NO SECRET HE DOES NOT KNOW!

WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING! EVEN THIS SO CALLED **MAGIC-MAKER!**



**AND SO, LATE THAT SAME NIGHT---**

...AND THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME! IF ALL SECRETS ARE KNOWN TO YOU, THEN TELL ME **HOW I CAN FIND THE TREASURE I SEEK!**

THAT IS DREAD KNOWLEDGE, MY SON! TAKE THE ADVICE OF OLD **MATTU** AND RETURN TO YOUR NATIVE SOIL! FORGET THE **TREASURE OF DABOOR!**



SO THAT'S IT, EH? YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT IT THAN ME! YOU'RE A **PHONY**, LIKE ALL THE --

**SILENCE, FOOL--** AND LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!



**SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS MOORE CROPT STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE PARTNER HE HATED--**

IT IS **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR ME TO LEAD YOU TO THE TREASURE IN THE LABYRINTH OF DABOOR, BUT THERE **IS** STILL A WAY! MY MAGIC CAN POINT THE WAY, BUT FIRST I NEED A **HUMAN HEAD!** FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT ONLY THE EYES OF THE **DEAD** CAN SEARCH OUT THE TREASURE YOU SEEK!

A HEAD, EH? WELL, **THAT** SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO GET HOLD OF! MATTER OF FACT, I HAVE JUST THE PERSON IN MIND! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE, **MATTU--** SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

WHERE HAVE YOU-- **THAT KNIFE!** WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO...





NO, MOORE!  
DON'T--  
ARGHHHH!

WHY **SHOULDN'T** I HAVE KILLED HIM? HE'S  
THE ONE WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE TREASURE!  
ALL HE DID WAS WHINE AND COMPLAIN! AT LEAST  
**NOW** HE'LL SERVE SOME PURPOSE! HE'S  
WORTH MORE TO ME DEAD THAN ALIVE!



**MINUTES LATER...** IT'S **DONE!**  
I HAVE THE  
HEAD THAT MATTU ASKED FOR, AND  
IN A LITTLE WHILE I SHALL HAVE  
THE TREASURE TOO! IT WILL BE  
MINE-- **ALL MINE!**

**BACK AT THE MAGIC-WORKER'S CAVERN--**

SO YOU HAVE BROUGHT  
THE HEAD I ASKED FOR!  
YOU HAVE EVEN **MURDERED**  
TO SATISFY YOUR LUST  
FOR GOLD!

I SAID I'D STOP AT  
NOTHING TO GET THAT  
TREASURE, AND I  
**MEANT** IT! NOW GO  
ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS!  
DO YOUR MAGIC! SEE THAT  
IT **WORKS**, MATTU--OR  
**YOUR HEAD JOINS HIS!**



**QUICKLY, MATTU**  
PLACES THE GRISLY SACK BEFORE  
HIM, AND THEN HIS VOICE RISES  
IN AN ECHOING CHANT...

**I, GREAT MATTU,  
COMMAND THE  
DEAD, OPEN  
THINE EYES,  
THOU SEVERED  
HEAD!**

**THEN, WITH DRAMATIC  
SUDDENNESS--**

**THE HEAD! IT'S RISING!  
AND THE EYES-- THEY'RE  
OPEN!**

**SPIRIT OF THE DEAD,  
HEAR MY COMMAND!**  
IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY  
THE PROPHETS OF OLD THAT  
THE SECRET TREASURE OF  
DABOOR CAN BE REVEALED  
ONLY TO YOU! **GO, THEN!**  
TAKE THIS MORTAL TO WHERE  
THE TREASURE LIES!





LOOK! IT'S MOVING!  
WHAT DO I DO NOW?

YOU MUST  
FOLLOW!

THE HEAD WILL ENTER THE LABYRINTH, AND  
YOU MUST ACCOMPANY IT! IT IS NOW  
ENDOWED WITH KNOWLEDGE DENIED TO  
MORTALS AND WILL LEAD YOU TO THE  
FABULOUS FORTUNE YOU SEEK! GO NOW--  
**HURRY!**

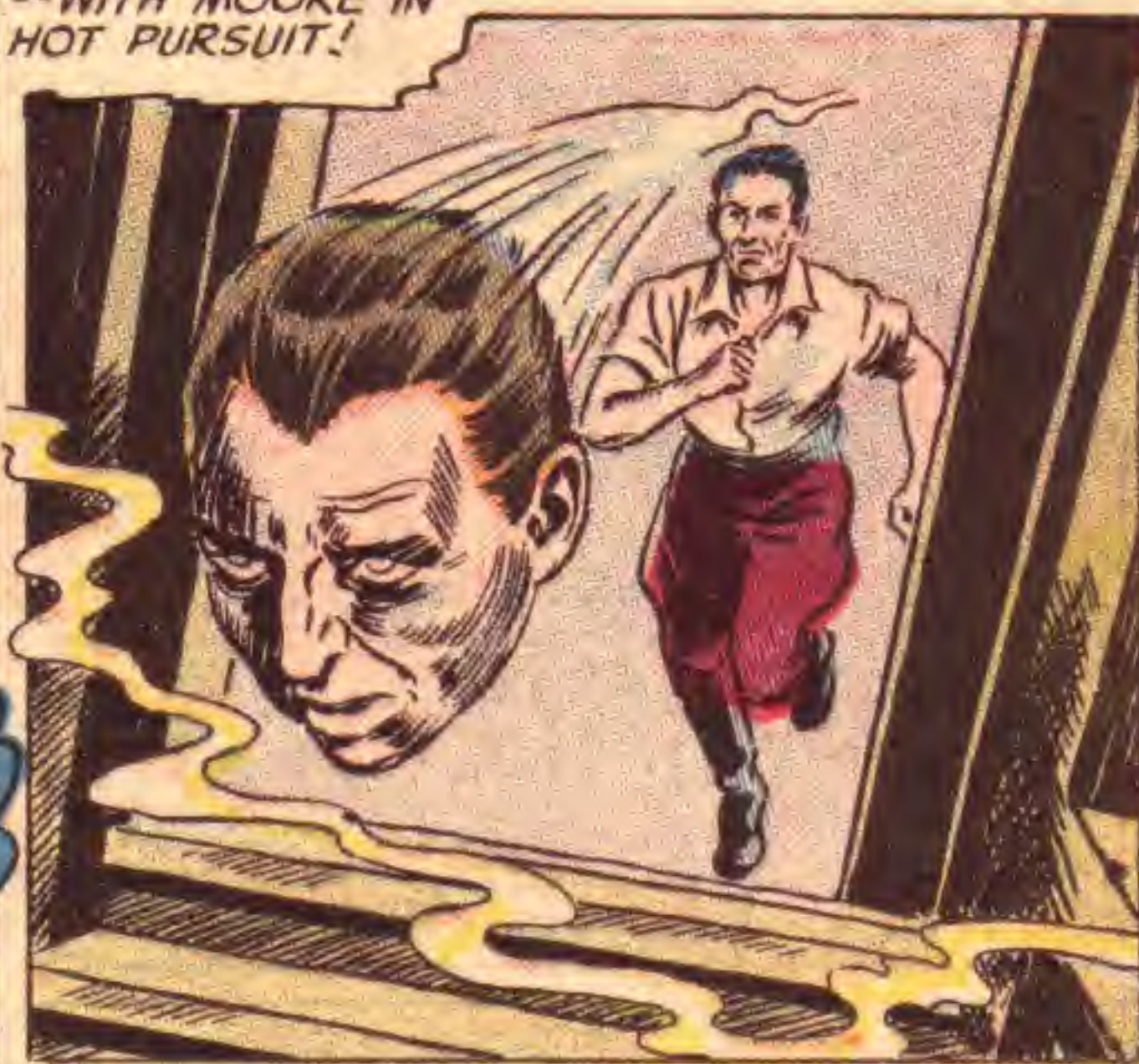
YEAH! CAN'T LET IT  
GET AWAY! G-GOT  
TO FOLLOW IT!

THERE IT GOES!  
MUSTN'T LET IT  
GET OUT OF SIGHT!



IT'S DOING JUST LIKE MATTU SAID IT  
WOULD!-- ENTERING THE LABYRINTH!  
**HA-HA!--** THAT WEALTH-- SOON IT  
WILL BE **MINE!**

WITH ACCELERATED  
SPEED, THE SEVERED  
HEAD DARTS INTO  
THE STYGIAN GLOOM  
OF THE EERIE MAZE  
--WITH MOORE IN  
HOT PURSUIT!



BUT SUDDENLY...

**WAIT!** IT'S TURNING  
OFF-- INTO A CHAMBER!  
THIS IS IT-- I-- I **KNOW**  
IT IS! IT'S THERE  
**WAITING**  
**FOR ME!**

TURN FOLLOWS  
TURN, ONE  
PASSAGEWAY  
GIVES WAY TO  
ANOTHER, BUT  
THE RELENTLESS  
MURDERER  
PLODS ON...

WE'VE BEEN AT IT (PUFF) FOR  
ALMOST TWO HOURS! SEEMS  
LIKE I'VE BEEN COVERING THE  
SAME GROUND OVER AND  
OVER! CAN'T GIVE UP NOW--  
GOT TO GO ON... **GOT TO!**





AND THEN...

**GOLD... A MOUNTAIN OF IT! I'VE FOUND IT! THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF DABOOR!**

AND **YOU**, LED ME TO IT! I SAID YOU WERE WORTH MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, AND YOU **ARE!** HA-HA-HA!



YES, I LED YOU TO THE TREASURE! I HAVE DONE AS I WAS COMMANDED!

Y--YOU'RE TALKING! YOU CAN SPEAK!

YES--AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT I WAS ORDERED TO LEAD YOU TO THE TREASURE! BUT NOTHING WAS SAID ABOUT LEADING YOU OUT!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE! YOU CAN'T!

NO... DON'T LEAVE ME! I CAN'T KEEP UP! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST! STOP... STOP!



TURN FOLLOWS TURN, ONE PASSAGEWAY GIVES WAY TO ANOTHER, THE SAME GROUND IS COVERED OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

THERE'S A TURN UP AHEAD... MAYBE THAT'S IT, BECAUSE I CAN SEE SOME KIND OF **LIGHT!** M--MY STRENGTH'S GOING ... GOT TO TRY... GOT TO REACH IT! THAT **SHINING LIGHT**-- MAYBE--IT'S THE WAY OUT OF THIS AWFUL LABYRINTH--

BUT THE LIGHT IS NOT OF THE SUN... ONLY THE YELLOW GOLD OF THE TREASURE OF DABOOR! AND IT'S ALL HIS... EVERY SINGLE PIECE OF IT...

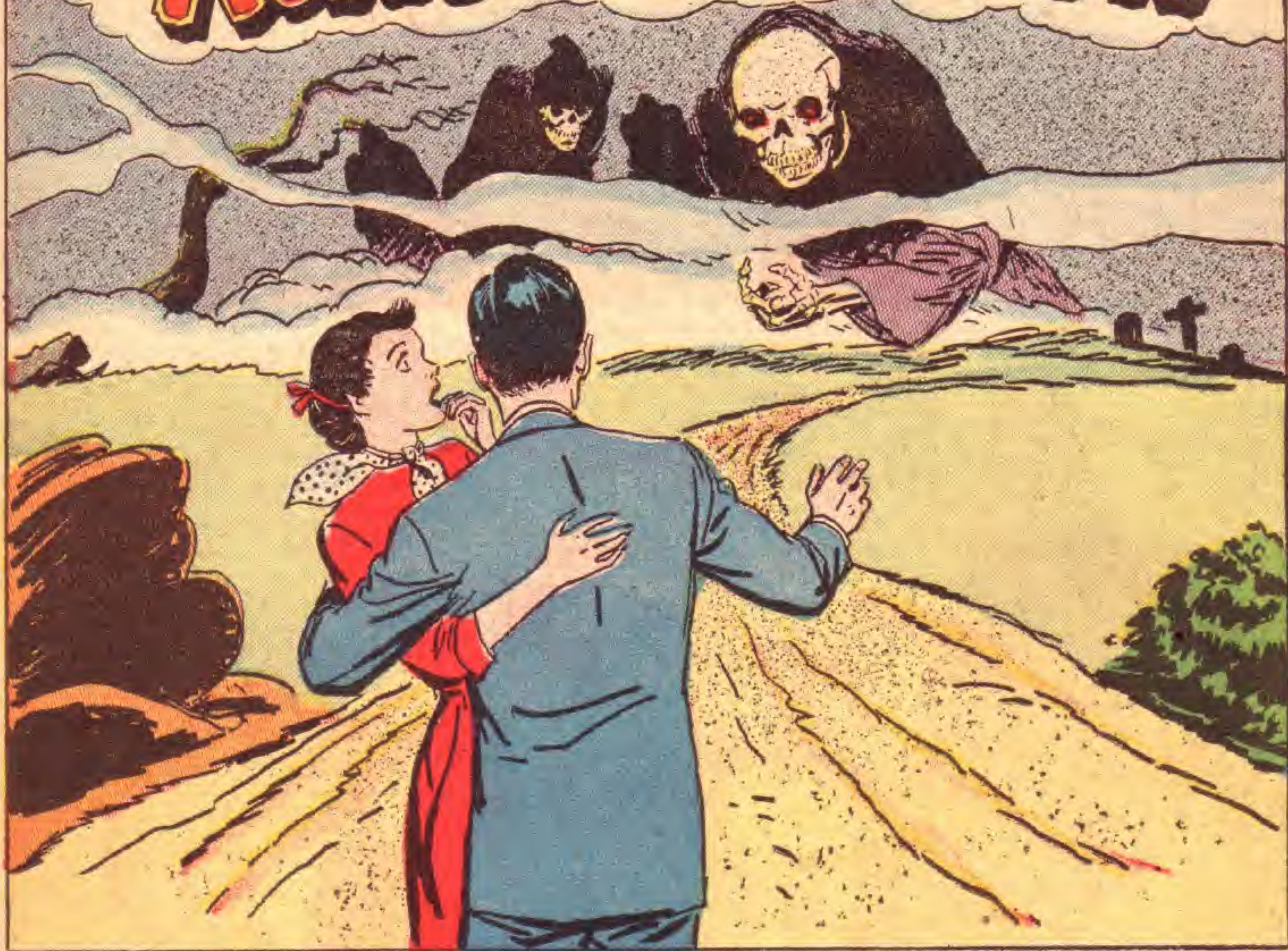


The End



IT WAS A STRANGE ROAD, A FEARFUL AND LONELY ROAD--SHROUDED IN MIST AND FOG! BUT FOR ROY AND MARION, THERE COULD BE NO TURNING BACK, FOR BEHIND THEM WAS A FOUL CRIME FROM WHICH THEY MUST FLEE! AND SO THEY HASTENED ON, EACH STEP CARRYING THEM FURTHER DOWN...

# The ROAD TO DEATH



**P**ROF. STANLEY HOYLE, NOTED MATHEMATICIAN, HAS COME ALONE TO HIS ISOLATED MOUNTAIN CABIN TO FINISH HIS NEW BOOK! BUT TODAY HE IS TO HAVE TWO UNEXPECTED VISITORS-- HIS YOUNG WIFE, MARION, AND ROY WILSON...



I... I'M A LITTLE FRIGHTENED, ROY! **MUST** WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

YOU **KNOW** WE MUST! THE POOR FOOL WOULD NEVER GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM--NO MATTER WHAT!

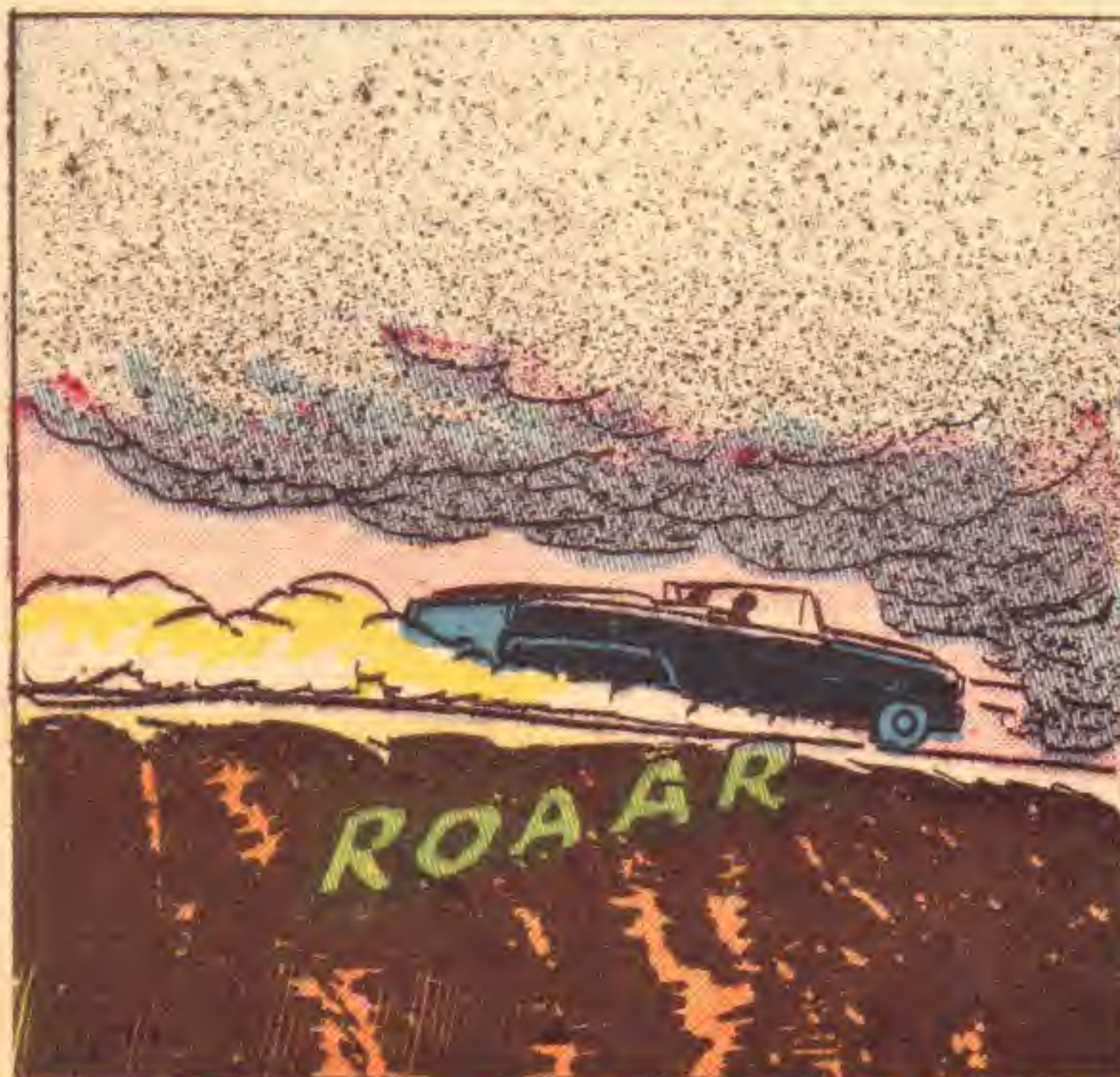
YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!

OF COURSE! NOW REMEMBER-- YOU DISTRACT HIM-- I'LL DO THE REST! THEN WE'LL SET THE PLACE ON FIRE! BEFORE HELP CAN ARRIVE IN THIS LONELY SPOT, IT WILL BURN TO THE GROUND DESTROYING ALL EVIDENCE--AND WE'LL BE FAR AWAY!

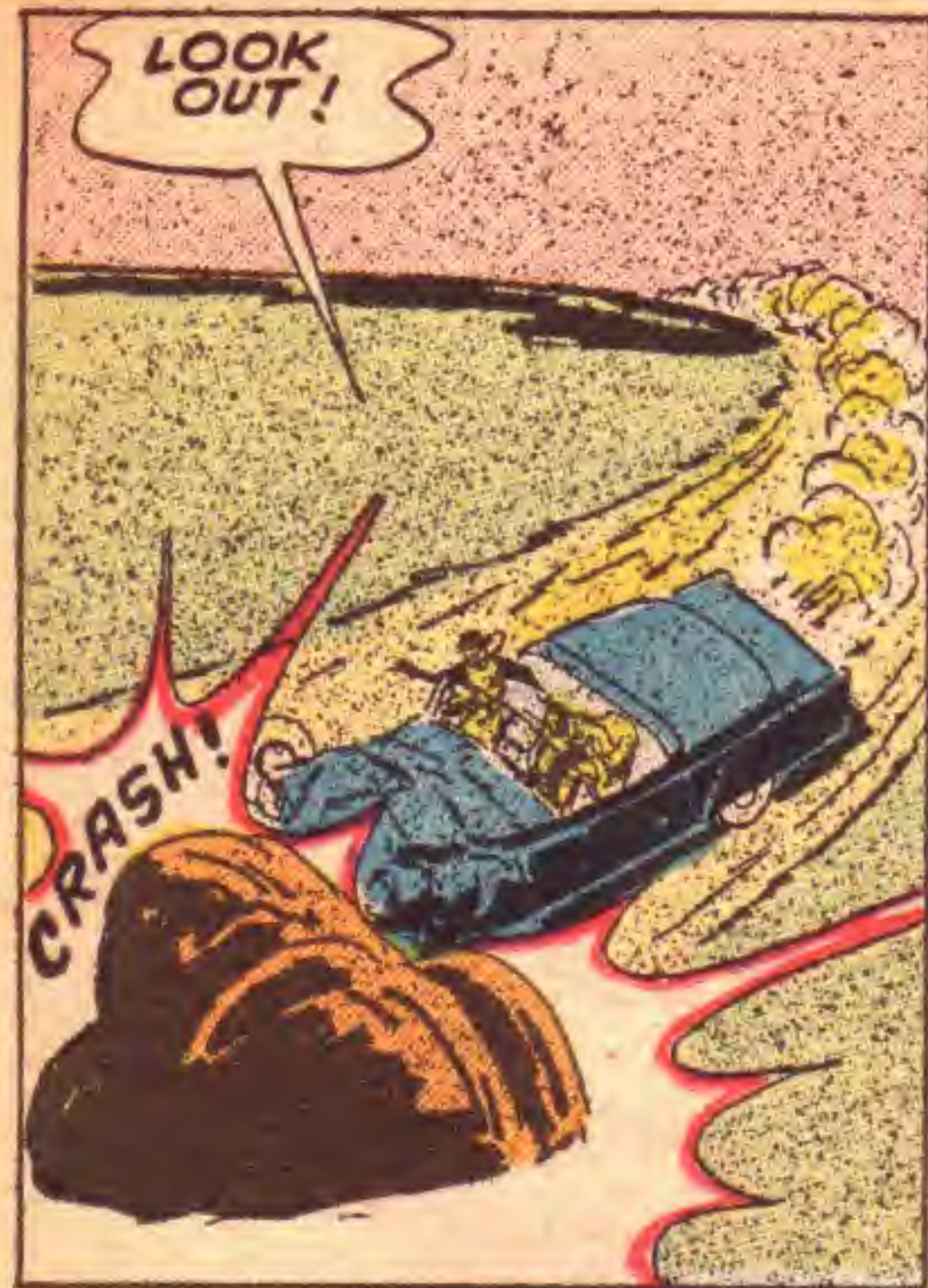




A MOMENT LATER...







LOOK  
OUT!

CRASH!



THANK HEAVEN WE WEREN'T  
HURT-- BUT THE CAR'S A  
WRECK! WE'LL HAVE TO  
WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!



ROY! THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
**STRANGE**  
ABOUT ALL  
THIS...

KEEP  
YOUR CHIN  
UP, DEAR!  
WE'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT!

**T**HEN, TURNING A BEND IN THE ROAD...



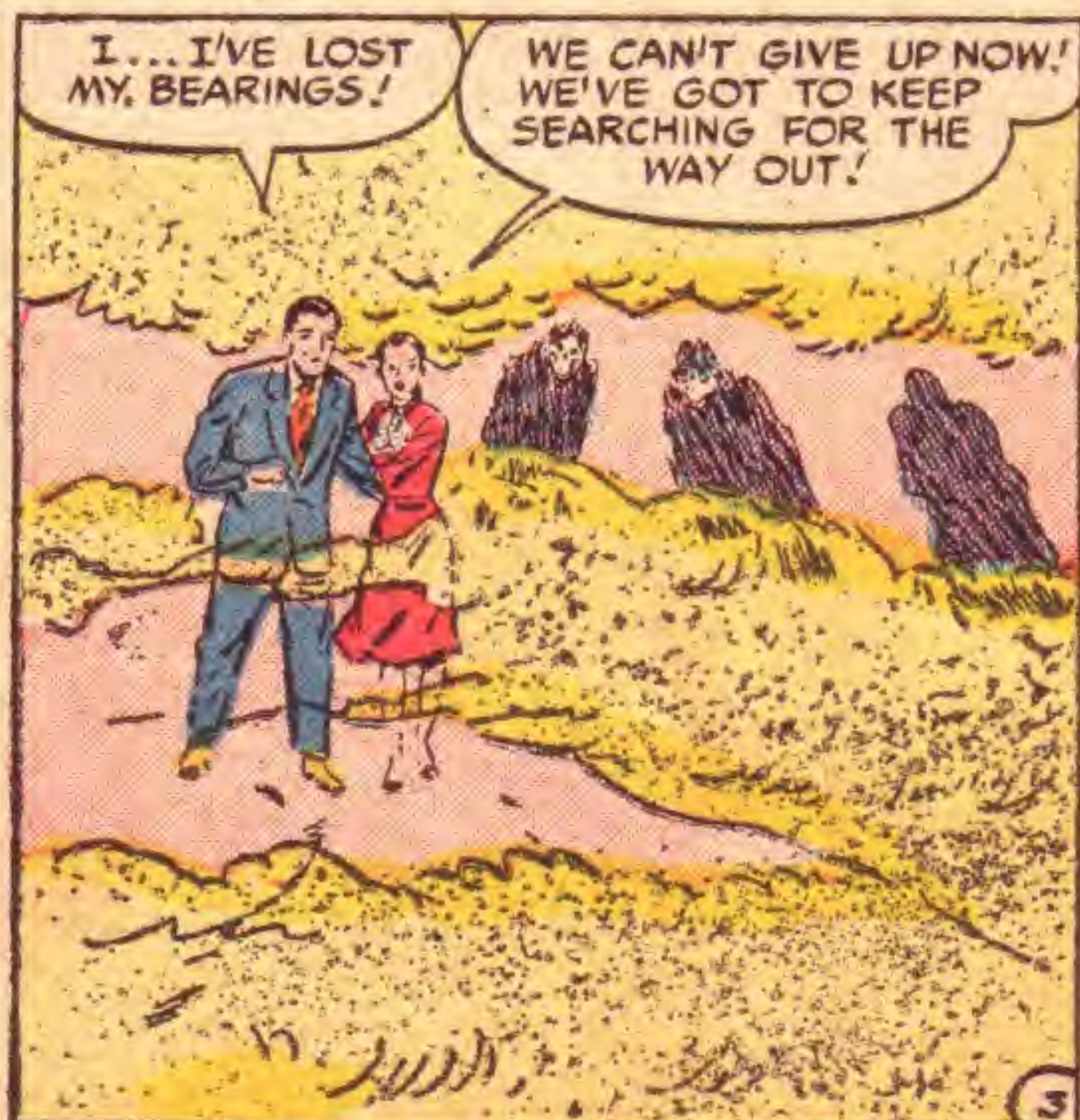
OH-HH!  
WH-WHERE  
ARE WE?

IT...IT LOOKS LIKE A  
PLACE OF THE **DEAD**!



WE'VE GOT TO  
GET **OUT** OF HERE,  
ROY-- WE'VE  
**GOT TO!**

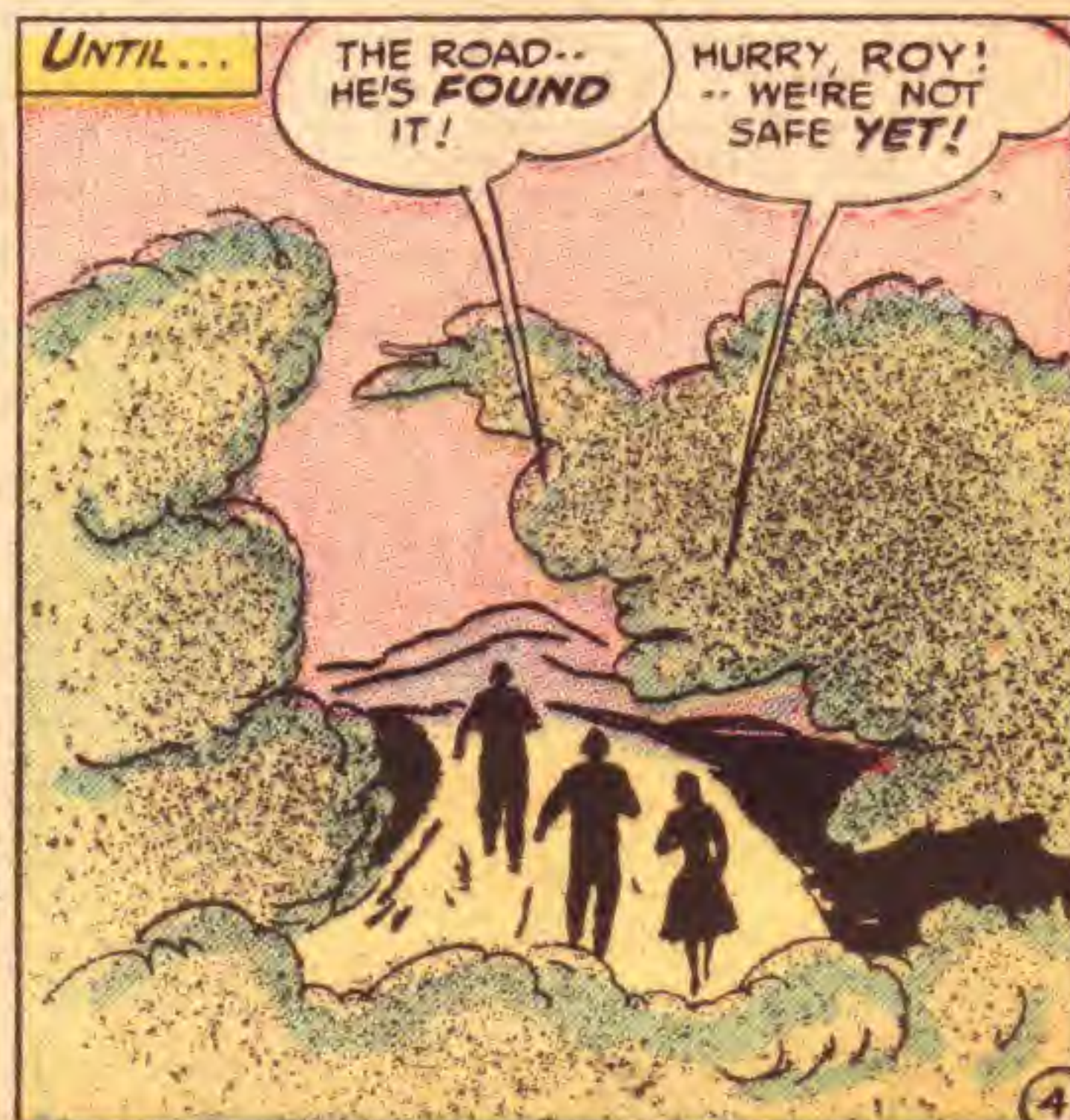
WHERE'S THE  
ROAD? IT SHOULD  
BE BACK THIS WAY!



I... I'VE LOST  
MY BEARINGS!

WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW!  
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP  
SEARCHING FOR THE  
WAY OUT!









NOW WE  
**ARE**  
SAFE!

OH, THANK HEAVEN,  
THANK HEAVEN!



WAIT! THAT BODY ON  
THE GROUND! IT'S  
**HOYLE!**



THAT- THAT  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN HIS  
**SPIRIT**  
THAT LED  
US OUT!

IT--IT'S GOING  
BACK INTO  
HIS BODY!



HE'S COMING  
TO NOW!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED...?



WE WERE HIKING THROUGH THE WOODS, SIR!  
WE SAW THE BLAZE OF YOUR CABIN AND  
HURRIED UP HERE-- JUST IN TIME TO PULL  
YOU OUT!

MY CABIN?  
BURNED...?



ALL I CAN REMEMBER  
IS THAT I WAS TALKING  
TO MARION AND ROY--  
THEN EVERYTHING WENT  
BLACK!... OH, MY HEAD!

YOU'VE GOT A  
NASTY BUMP--  
BUT WE'VE GOT  
SOME BANDAGE  
IN OUR FIRST-  
AID KIT!



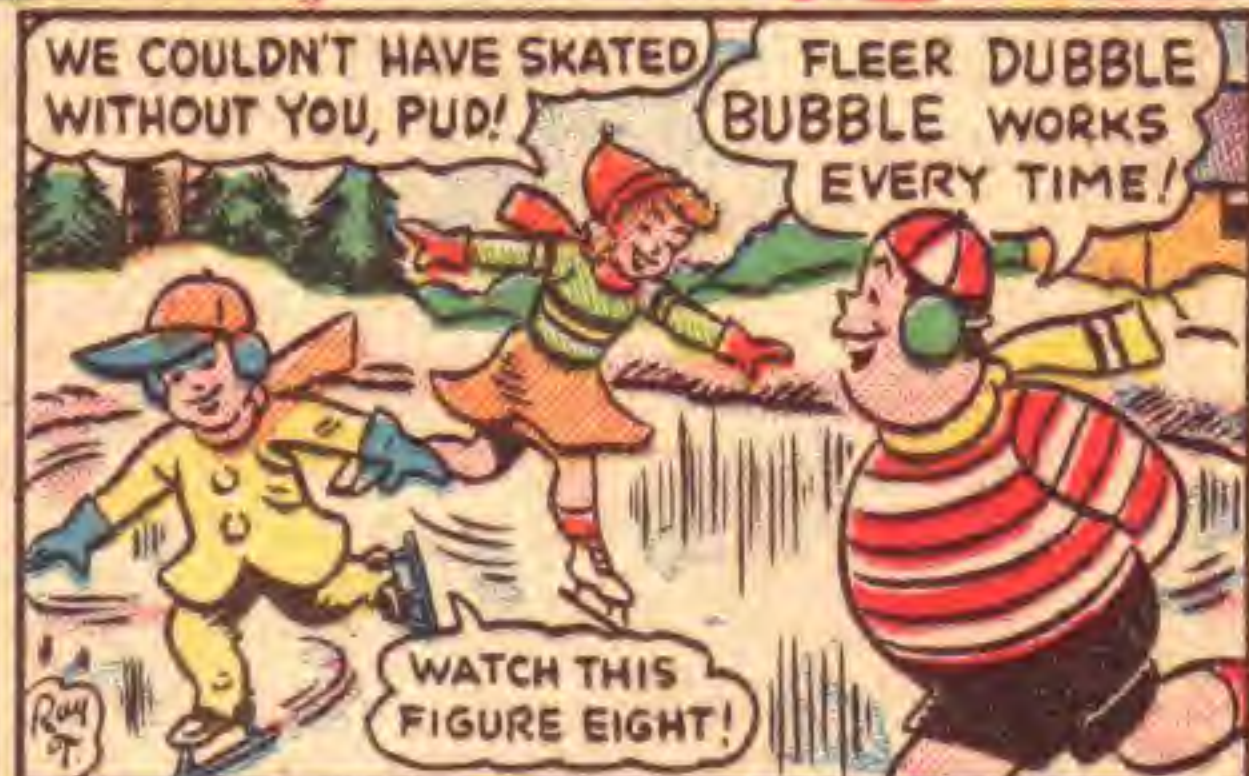
THEN HE **ISN'T**  
DEAD! HE ESCAPED  
WHAT WE'D PLANNED  
FOR HIM!

BUT... BUT WHAT  
ABOUT US?









For recommended reading...



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**A**S ANY TRUE fan of the supernatural knows, men have long believed in the mysterious power of numbers. "Lucky" seven and "unlucky" thirteen are cases in point. We've got a rather special number we want to talk about this month. You'll find it on the cover of this magazine, and the number is *fifty*.

In itself, fans, the number fifty doesn't mean very much, but in *this* case, it's different. For fifty issues we've been bringing you "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", the oldest supernatural comic book in America. Are we proud? You bet we are!

We get a bit nostalgic in thinking about those long ago days when "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" was the *only* supernatural on the stands. Of course, nobody can corner the market on a good idea, and it wasn't long before imitators arrived in droves. Had we started something? Well, it wasn't long before there were more supernatural comic books than any other type.

Despite the intense competition, our circulation has grown by leaps and bounds down the years, which means that we've

got a pretty wonderful gang of loyal fans. We're taking this opportunity to thank all of you from the bottom of our hearts.

We've arranged a special treat to celebrate this anniversary issue. In "*Vampire Spider*" you'll find a spine-tingling yarn about an awesome menace sprung from the test tubes of science. "*The Labyrinth of Daboor*" takes us to the mysterious East for a tale of bloodshed and terror, and vengeance from beyond the grave. We take another kind of journey in "*The Road To Death*", as eerie and mystifying a journey as you've ever made! We won't say much about "*The Impostor*", except to warn you to be prepared for an overwhelming shock! This superlative issue concludes with one of the greatest yarns we've ever published, "*I Am A Zombie*!" Read it!

We've received countless letters from fans over the years. But have we heard from you? If not, why not drop a line to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And now, let's see what some of our fans are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I like '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' so much I've decided to subscribe to it. How about more stories with surprise endings?

--John Serber, Melrose Park, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I am nearly forty years old and enjoy reading greatly. I think '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is swell, and each month I can hardly wait for it to appear.

--Mrs. Hattie Bullitt, Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' ever since the first issue, and I think your stories are great.

--Sam Ennis, Milledgeville, Ga."



# The IMPOSTOR!



OUT OF THE DARKNESS IT CAME... HIDEOUS AND REPULSIVE IN ITS SHOCKING EVIL! AGAIN AND AGAIN IT STRUCK, AND FEAR LIVED IN ALL HEARTS BUT THAT OF...  
**THE IMPOSTOR!**

IN A FOREST OUTSIDE A EUROPEAN VILLAGE...

THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR, GILDA! ALL THAT RUBBISH ABOUT THE **VISHNA MONSTER**--SOME HUMAN IN THESE PARTS WHO ASSUMES SUPERNATURAL SHAPE TO **KILL**--IS NOTHING BUT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! BESIDES, I CAN PROTECT YOU!

I--I KNOW, KARL, BUT THERE'S MORE THAN THAT! WE SHOULDN'T BE ALONE TOGETHER THIS WAY!



SUDDENLY...

KARL... LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING THIS WAY!

**CRUNCH!**







FATHER!  
I--I--

NOT ANOTHER  
WORD! BACK TO  
THE HOUSE!



DO AS HE SAYS, GILDA! IT'S  
ABOUT TIME YOUR FATHER  
AND I HAD A LITTLE **TALK!**



GET THIS--AND GET IT STRAIGHT!  
GILDA IS MADLY IN LOVE WITH  
ME--NO OTHER MAN COULD EVER  
MEAN ANYTHING TO HER! IF YOU  
WERE WISE, YOU WOULD GIVE US  
YOUR CONSENT  
TO BE  
MARRIED!

THAT I SHALL  
**NEVER** DO! I  
HAVE MY  
REASONS--



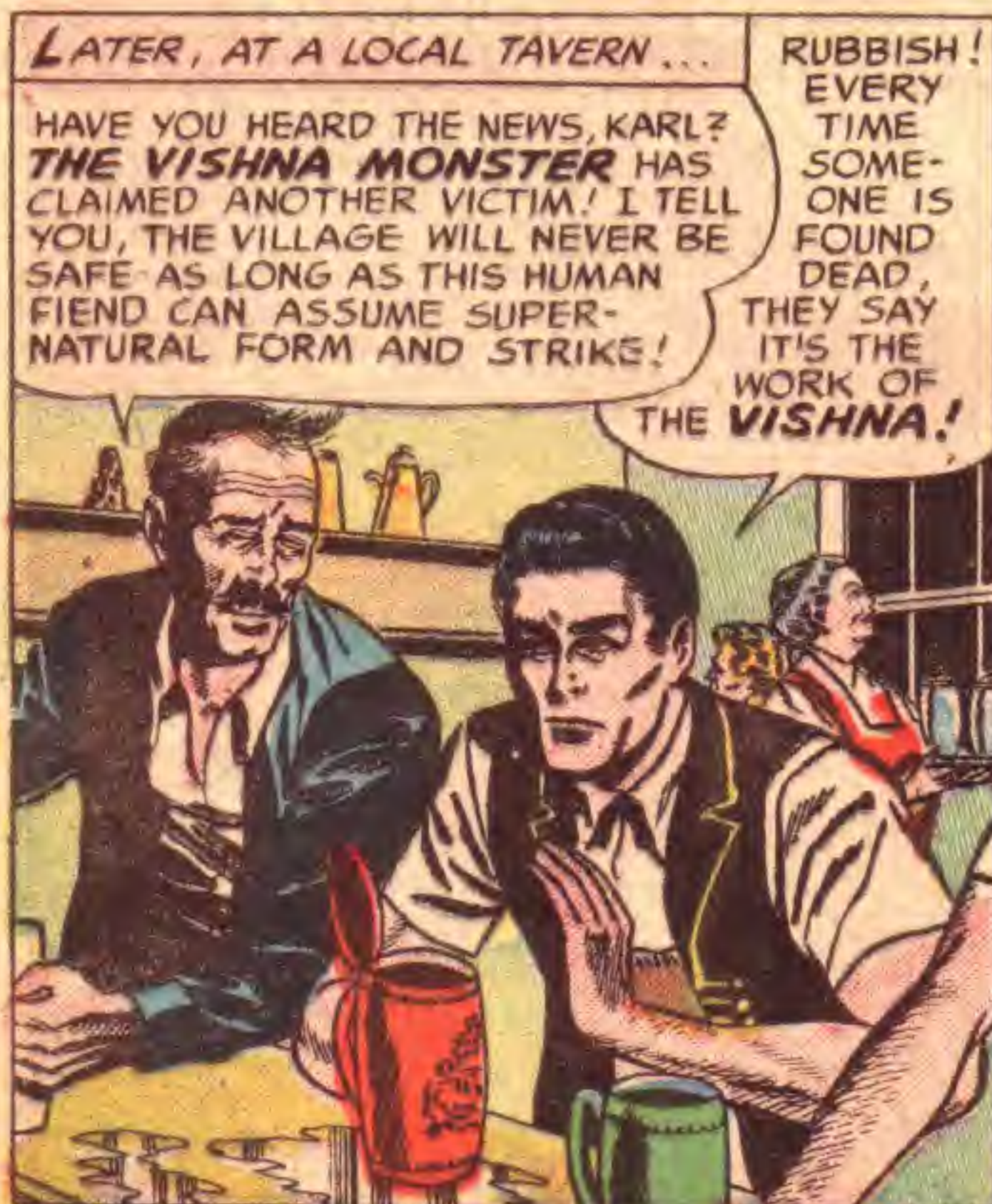
-- AND GILDA WILL NEVER MARRY  
WITHOUT MY CONSENT! SHE  
HAS GIVEN ME HER SOLEMN  
WORD!

DON'T BE  
SO SURE,  
OLD MAN!  
NOTHING IS  
CERTAIN IN THIS  
WORLD! **NOTHING  
AT ALL!**



I-- I'M SORRY I  
LOST MY TEMPER,  
BUT GILDA IS  
ALL I HAVE!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN  
YOUR TROUBLES! NOW  
REMOVE YOUR HANDS  
BEFORE I FORGET WHO  
YOU ARE AND LOSE **MY**  
TEMPER!



LATER, AT A LOCAL TAVERN ...

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, KARL?  
**THE VISHNA MONSTER** HAS  
CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM! I TELL  
YOU, THE VILLAGE WILL NEVER BE  
SAFE AS LONG AS THIS HUMAN  
FIEND CAN ASSUME SUPER-  
NATURAL FORM AND STRIKE!

RUBBISH!  
EVERY  
TIME  
SOME-  
ONE IS  
FOUND  
DEAD,  
THEY SAY  
IT'S THE  
WORK OF  
THE **VISHNA!**



BUT IT IS **TRUE!**  
EVERYONE KNOWS  
IT! EVERYONE  
BELIEVES IT!

YES... EVERYONE **DOES**  
BELIEVE IT! Hmm... I  
WONDER --



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER... IN A LONELY AREA...



THE VISHNA! RUN, PETER... RUN!



QUICKLY, THE MONSTER STRIKES...



HE'S DEAD--AND SOON THE WHOLE VILLAGE WILL KNOW IT!



THIS RUBBER MASK AND SUIT WERE A PERFECT DISGUISE! THEY'LL SAY HE WAS KILLED BY THE VISHNA! THEY'LL BELIEVE IT, AND I'LL NEVER BE SUSPECTED! NOW GILDA HAS NO NEED FOR HER FATHER'S CONSENT! NO LONGER CAN HE STAND BETWEEN US!



ONE EVENING, SHORTLY AFTER THE SLAYING...

IT IS I, GILDA... KARL! YOU CAN'T SHUT YOURSELF IN THIS WAY! OPEN THE DOOR... PLEASE!



IT IS YOU, KARL... BUT I CAN'T SEE YOU! I CAN'T SEE ANYONE!



THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU, GILDA! YOU'VE SUFFERED A TERRIBLE BLOW, BUT LIFE MUST GO ON! OUR LIFE, GILDA! YOURS AND MINE!







THAT'S WHY I HAD TO SEE YOU -- TO TALK ABOUT OUR FUTURE PLANS! YOU WON'T BE ALONE, GILDA! I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU! WE'LL GET MARRIED--SOON!

BUT HE'S DEAD, KARL! THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY UNDERSTOOD ME!



BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU, TOO! YOU'VE GOT TO **FORGET** THE PAST! HE'S DEAD, LIKE THE OTHERS! KILLED BY THAT **CURSED MONSTER!**

NO, KARL! IT **WASN'T** LIKE THE OTHERS!



NOT LIKE THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**, GILDA? EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS THE **VISHNA!** THE WHOLE VILLAGE SAYS SO!

WHAT THE VILLAGERS SAY DOESN'T INTEREST ME!



**YOU** HATED HIM, KARL! **YOU** THOUGHT HE STOOD BETWEEN US! **YOU** ARGUED WITH HIM THAT NIGHT! I KNOW ALL THAT PASSED!

YOU KNOW **NOTHING!** YOU'RE UPSET AND DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



HE WAS KILLED BY THE **VISHNA MONSTER--** THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT WAS THE MONSTER, DO YOU HEAR? **THE MONSTER!**

NO, KARL! IT **WASN'T!**



HOW COULD **YOU** BE SURE? HOW CAN --N-NO! **NO!**



**BECAUSE I AM VISHNA!**

**AAAAHHH!**

**THE END**



**I** AM CALLED--- **MORTO!** IN THE ZOMBIE HORDE TO WHICH I AM DOOMED FOR ALL ETERNITY, I AM AS YET A NOVICE---MY TASKS ARE THE MOST MENIAL AND GRISLY WHICH CAN BE FOUND! THOUGH I LOATHE WHAT I AM AND WHAT I MUST DO, I CANNOT REBEL, FOR I HAVE **NO WILL!** I CAN ONLY OBEY, FOR---

# I AM A ZOMBIE!



**W**ITH EACH MIDNIGHT, I RISE FROM MY LONELY GRAVE---



---TO JOIN MY ZOMBIE BROTHERS BEFORE THE THRONE OF THE **MASTER!**

**HEAR ME, DOOMED ONES!** EACH OF YOU WILL NOW LEARN YOUR DUTIES FOR THE NIGHT!



**A**T LAST, MY TURN---

YOUR TASK IS SIMPLE, MORTO! NOT FAR FROM HERE, ON THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU, LIVES A YOUNG, CONNIVING WOMAN! IN RETURN FOR A CERTAIN POTION WHICH WOULD WIN HER LOVER, SHE WAS TO DELIVER TO ME JEWELS AND GOLD! SHE HAS BROKEN THE PACT---THEREFORE, SHE MUST PAY THE PENALTY!





**F**OR A MOMENT...SOMETHING IN ME HESITATED! THEN, THE STERN COMMAND...

OBEY ME,  
MORTO...  
GO!

I OBEY...  
MASTER...



**A**T A LONELY SHACK ON THE  
EDGE OF THE BAYOU...

SHE IS...SO YOUNG...SO  
BEAUTIFUL! BUT I MUST...  
OBEY THE MASTER...



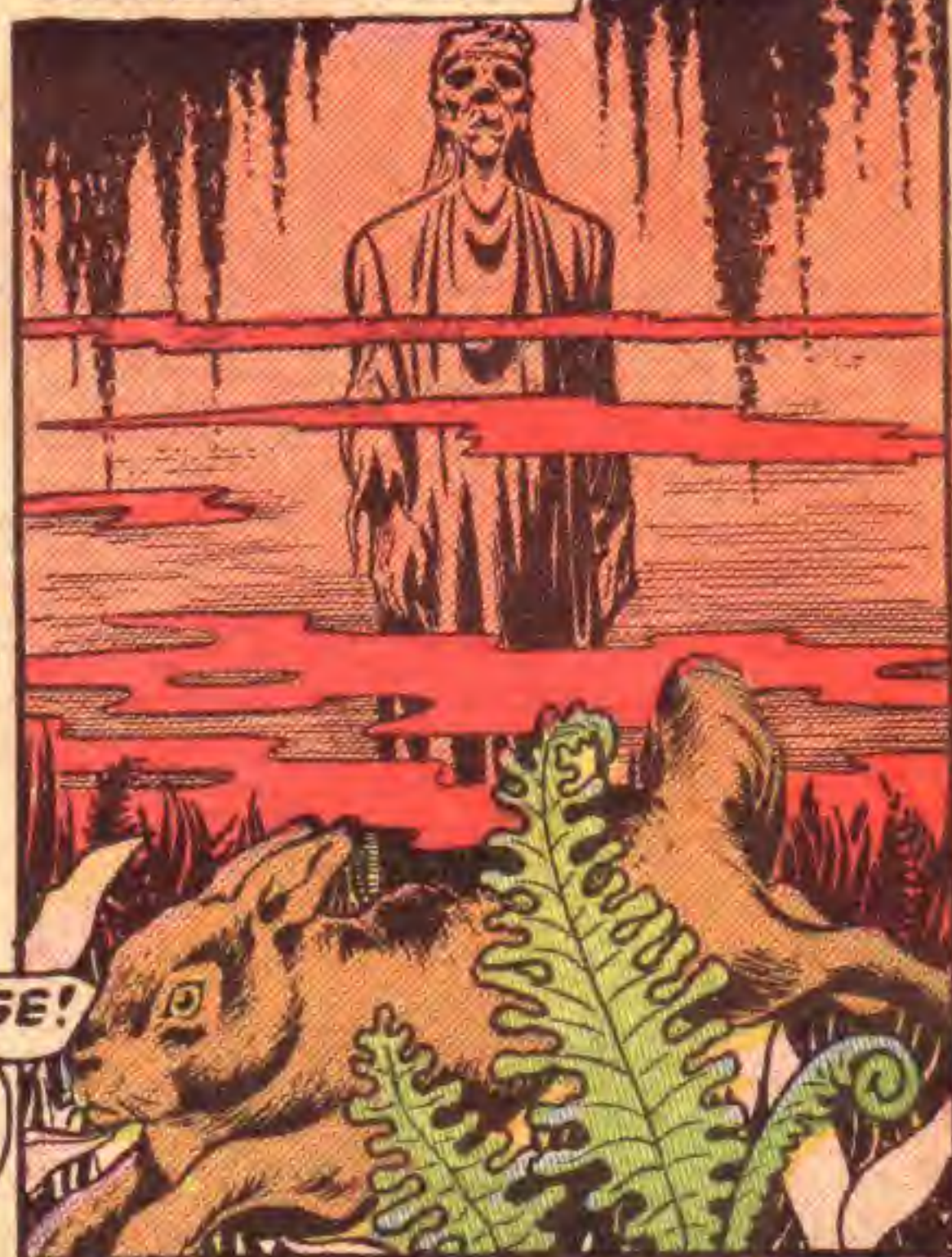
**S**ILENTLY, I ENTERED! AT THE  
SUDDEN SIGHT OF ME, HER  
PRETTY FACE BECAME A MASK  
OF FEAR AND HORROR...SOME-  
THING I HAVE COME TO KNOW  
SO WELL...

**C**OME! THE  
MASTER HAS  
SENT ME!

**N**O...PLEASE!  
I'LL PAY THE  
JEWELS AND  
GOLD...BUT I  
MUST HAVE  
TIME!



**A**ND SO I WENT...PLODDING THROUGH THE  
DANK, SILENT SWAMPS...A THING OF HORROR  
EVEN TO THE ANIMALS WHICH SCURRIED,  
TERRIFIED, OUT OF MY PATH!



**I** WANTED TO HELP HER...BUT HOW COULD  
I, WITHOUT WILL?

**C**OME!

**O**H-HH!



**W**HEN I HAD CARRIED MY UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN BACK TO THE  
HORDE...

**W**ELL DONE, MORTO!  
REVIVE HER, AND  
THEN...THE  
RITES!



**H**OW WELL I KNEW THEM, THOSE UNHOLY RITES  
...WHEN THE MASTER CLAIMED A NEW VICTIM!  
WHEN THE POTION HAD BEEN PREPARED...

**D**RINK IT, MY  
BEAUTY...**D**RINK!

**N**O! NO! YOU  
CAN'T MAKE  
ME!





**B**UT WHAT WAS HER PUNY STRENGTH AGAINST OURS?



AAGH!  
IT BURNS  
... LIKE  
FIRE!

THE PRICE  
... IS PAID!



YOU ARE ONE OF US  
NOW... A ZOMBIE!  
YOU CAN ONLY  
OBEY MY EVERY  
WISH!

I OBEY...  
MASTER...

**T**HE ONLY REST I KNOW IS WHEN THE DAWN COMES  
AND I MUST RETURN TO MY DANK GRAVE! LOOK UPON  
MY TOMBSTONE... PERHAPS YOU RECOGNIZE THE  
NAME! IT WAS WELL KNOWN AT ONE TIME... VERY  
WELL KNOWN! BUT LET ME TELL YOU MY STORY  
... FROM THE **BEGINNING!**



**O**NCE LIFE WAS VERY DIFFERENT FOR  
ME! YOU SEE, I WAS A **MILLIONAIRE**,  
HAVING MADE MY FORTUNE IN OIL PROS-  
PECTING! IN MY NEW YORK OFFICES...

**M**Y METHODS WERE  
HARD... I GAVE NO  
QUARTER AND I ASKED  
NONE! **PITY** WAS UNKNOWN  
TO ME... **THEN!**

THE FOREMAN OF THE LOUISIANA  
SECTION IS HERE TO SEE YOU,  
SIR!

**HERE?** BUT HE  
SHOULD BE DOWN  
THERE SUPERVISING  
THE WORK! **SHOW  
HIM IN!**



I KNOW WE'VE GOT THE **LEGAL**  
RIGHTS TO THE AREA, MR. HARKS  
... BUT THE FOLKS WHO LIVE IN  
THE BAYOU WON'T GET OUT PEACE-  
ABLY! THEY'VE LIVED THERE FOR  
GENERATIONS... AND THEY'RE DE-  
FENDING THEIR HOMES  
WITH **GUNS!**

THEN WE'LL DRIVE THEM  
**OUT** WITH GUNS! YOU'RE  
**FIRED**, CALHOUN... I'LL  
TAKE OVER MY-  
SELF!



**I**N THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS WHERE MY  
PROSPECTORS HAD FOUND OIL...

WE CAN'T PUSH AHEAD,  
SIR... EVERY TIME WE  
ADVANCE WE DRAW  
FIRE!

PASS OUT  
RIFLES AND  
PISTOLS! WE'RE  
GOING **IN**... AND  
EVERYBODY THAT  
FOLLOWS ME DRAWS  
TRIPLE PAY! I'M NOT  
STOPPING FOR A  
PACK OF SWAMP  
BEGGARS!







AS I FIGURED, THE BAYOU WAS SOON CLEARED OUT! AS THE WORK BEGAN...

THE OLD WOMAN, CALLED MOTHER HARANA, LIVED IN A REMOTE SPOT...





**T**HERE WAS A HIDEOUS RATTLE IN HER THROAT  
---AND HER STRUGGLES ABRUPTLY CEASED!

HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S **DEAD!**  
WELL, SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T  
HAVE MUCH LONGER ANYHOW  
---BUT I-I'LL SEE TO IT SHE  
GETS A DECENT BURIAL!



**A**T AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU...

LONG HAS MOTHER HARANA  
LIVED! IT IS FITTING THAT A  
FEW WORDS BE SAID  
OVER HER TOMB!

SURE, SURE--- BUT GET  
IT OVER WITH! THIS  
JOINT GIVES ME  
THE **CREEPS!**



**W**E SLEPT IN THE  
OPEN THAT NIGHT,  
RIGHT ON THE EDGE  
OF THE BAYOU! FUNNY,  
IT WAS CALLED **DEATH  
WAIL BAYOU**---  
AND THE WHOLE  
AREA WAS BEGIN-  
NING TO WEAR ON  
MY NERVES---

I--- CAN'T SLEEP! MAYBE IT WAS  
THAT GRAVEYARD--- I CAN'T GET  
IT OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT  
A HORRIBLE PLACE---



**U**ST AS I DOZED OFF,  
THERE WAS A MANIACAL  
SHRIEK OF **TERROR!**

LOOK! LOOK!  
IT'S---IT'S---



**N**EXT MOMENT, A SOUL-  
CHILLING SIGHT! WE  
WERE **SURROUNDED**---  
BY WALKING DEAD  
MEN!

SEIZE  
THEM!

GRAB YOUR  
GUNS, MEN!  
FIGHT 'EM  
OFF!



**B**UT WHAT GOOD WERE WEAPONS--- AGAINST THE  
DEAD?

PUT ME  
DOWN!  
HELP!

BULLETS DON'T  
STOP 'EM! WE'RE  
DONE FOR!











YOU **WILL** DRINK, ROGER HANKS---RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!



MY THROAT  
---LIKE FIRE---



YAAAGH!

IT IS DONE!



I REMEMBER NOTHING OF THOSE FEW SECONDS ON THE GROUND! THEN, AS SOMETHING STIRRED WITHIN ME, I STRUGGLED TO RISE! THE BEATING OF MY HEART HAD SUBSIDED---IT HAD **STOPPED!** AND YET---I COULD **MOVE!**

YOU ARE ONE OF THE **UNDEAD**, ROGER HANKS---**FOREVER!** YOU HAVE NO WILL NOW---ONLY MINE! OBEY ME---FOR I AM YOUR MASTER!

I OBEY---  
THE---MASTER  
---ALWAYS---



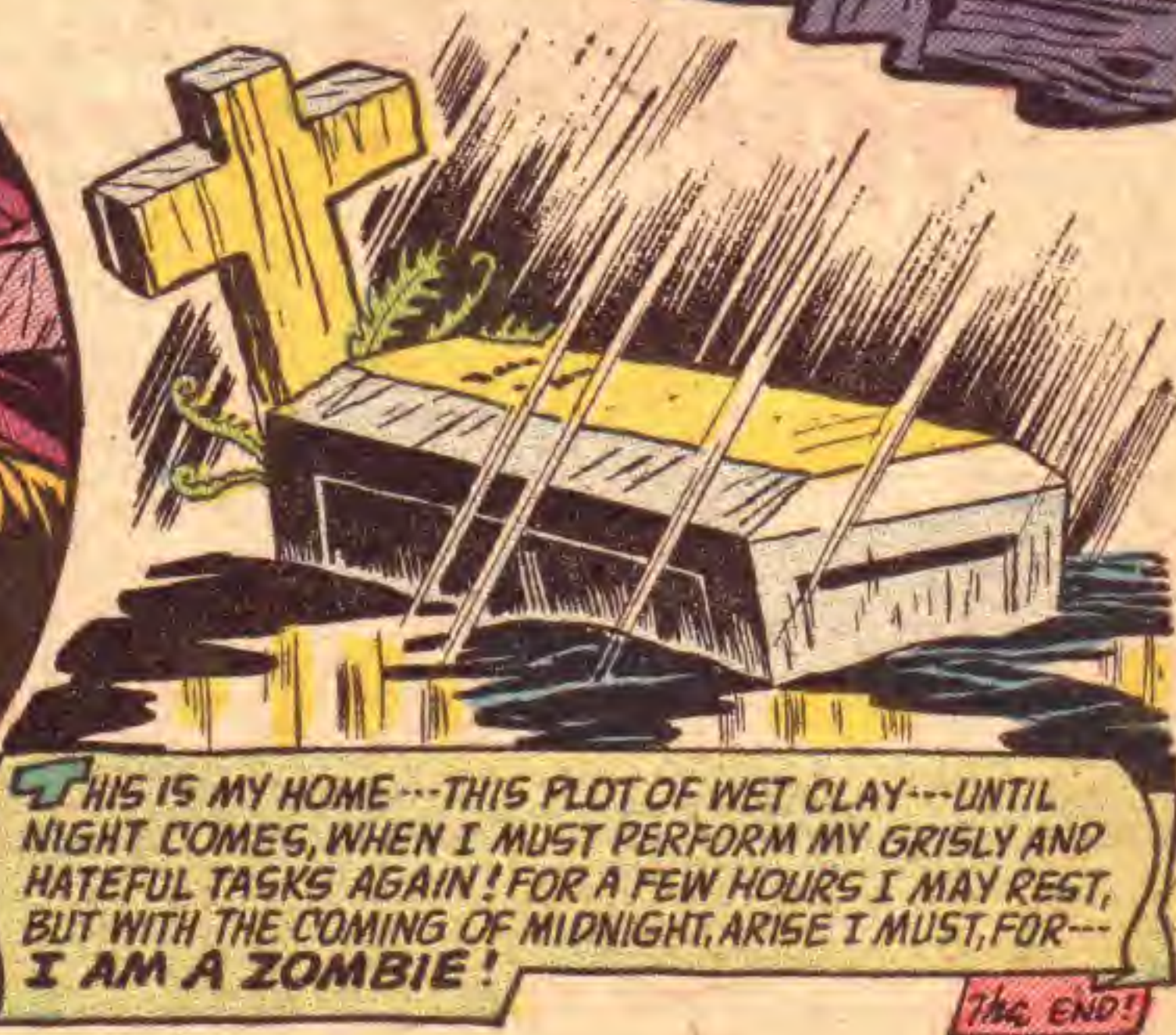
THIS IS YOUR FATE---FOR OPPOSING ME! **DESCEND!**

I OBEY, MOTHER HARANA---  
**MASTER---**



WELL I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT---WHEN I BECAME **MORTO**, A THING WITHOUT BRAIN OR WILL---DOOMED TO OBEY ETERNALLY! AT LAST, AS IN ALL THE TWENTY YEARS SINCE, A COCK CROWED---BRINGING THE NIGHT OF HORROR TO AN END---

HARK! DAWN COMES! **BACK---**  
ALL OF YOU---TO YOUR **GRAVES!**



THIS IS MY HOME---THIS PLOT OF WET CLAY---UNTIL NIGHT COMES, WHEN I MUST PERFORM MY GRISLY AND HATEFUL TASKS AGAIN! FOR A FEW HOURS I MAY REST, BUT WITH THE COMING OF MIDNIGHT, ARISE I MUST, FOR---  
**I AM A ZOMBIE!**



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**"Hey YOU SKINNY**  
You look like  
**SOMETHING**  
**THE CAT**  
**DRAGGED IN!"**

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

CLEVELAND  
BEFORE  
90 lb.  
Skeleton

GLEASON  
CLEVELAND  
AFTER JOWETT  
TRAINING  
160 lbs. of  
Muscle



Now wouldn't YOU  
Like To Have A New  
Body Like Mine? I added

**7 INCHES** to my **CHEST**  
**3 1/2 INCHES** to each **ARM**  
and to the rest of my  
body in proportion as  
YOU can

Yours *John Sill* UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,  
Now YOU give me  
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A**  
**DAY IN YOUR HOME**  
**LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID**  
and I'll give YOU a New  
**HE-MAN BODY** as I gave  
**MANY Thousands like You**

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or  
flabby you are. I'll make you  
OVER by the SAME method I turned  
myself from a wreck to the strongest  
of the strong. Why can't I do for you  
what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of  
skinny fellows like You?

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
**Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!**

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY  
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and  
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS  
broadened. From head to heels, you'll  
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be  
A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY  
5-WAY PROGRESSIVE  
POWER SYSTEM  
BUILDS YOU  
5-WAYS FAST  
SO YOU  
SAVE YEARS  
AND  
DOLLARS

GEORGE  
F. JOWETT  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest

like John  
BECOME A  
MOVIE STAR  
HE-MAN

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU <sup>do</sup> as I did  
in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day  
Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

**I GAINED 60 LBS.**

of SHAPELY  
**MIGHTY MUSCLES**  
Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon  
get this "AMAZING  
"SECRETS" Photo Book  
while you can. **FREE!**

**AMAZING SECRETS**  
How to WIN  
MUSCLES like IRON  
NERVES of STEEL  
World's Great  
EXPERT Tells  
You How YOU  
Can BECOME  
An All-Around  
ALL-AMERICAN  
HE-MAN in  
10 MINUTES of  
FUN A DAY  
IN YOUR HOME.  
**PHOTO BOOK** **FREE** while they last!

This Book  
will also show You  
**HOW YOU CAN WIN**  
**\$100.00 and A BIG 15" tall**  
**SILVER TROPHY** (Your Name On It)  
as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN!  
WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN!  
Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN!  
Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popular-  
ity. Make More Money.

John Sill  
was a 125 lb.  
Skinny  
Weakling

Before \$1 price goes back  
**YOUR LAST CHANCE**  
TO GET  
**ALL 5 FREE!**

PICTURE PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD  
FOR \$1 AND MORE  
Just send me a dime  
for postage and handling



**LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON!**

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Tell Me How To  
WIN \$100, etc.

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greatest in  
World for  
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All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
- R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
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